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THE NATIONAL MONTHLY FOR UKRAINIAN CATHOLIC YOUTH

ЗАЧИНАЙМО ПРАЦЮ У ВІДДІЛАХ У.К.Ю.

О. Даниїл Лорд, священик, що ціле своє життя посвятив для американської молоді, при одній нагоді сказав такі слова: "Тайна успіху кожної організації, це жива активність". Організація може бути живою і квітучою та всіх захоплювати, або може бути такою, що нікого не цікавить. Це залежить від того, що у тій організації робиться, яма її програма і яка її праця. Це відноситься до всіх організацій, а тим більше до Українського Католицького Юнацтва. Добре підготована і цікава програма разом з різнородними і по можності новими підприємствами — це конечність кожного Відділу УКЮ. Духовні асистенти, управи відділів разом зі своїми членами повинні посвятити немало часу і вложить багато труду, щоб підготовити таку програму праці, що відповідала б потребам і можливостям поодинокого відділу. Треба докладати всіх сил, щоб цікавою і різнородною програмою праці підтримати у молоді ентузіазм і охоту до організаційного життя.

Коли укладати програму праці? Вакаційний час напевно перервав діяльність УКЮ. Це зовсім природне. Однак вересень-жовтень, це початок як шкільного так і організаційного року. Як тільки вакації скінчуться, пічнеться школа та уложиться вся програма на осінно-зимовий сезон, тоді й відживає праця в УКЮ, що в літі була наче завмерла. При найближчій нагоді скликується перші осінні збори, на які запрошується всю молодь, що знаходиться в даній місцевості. На цих зборах нові вписуються в членство, а давні його відновлюють. Назначується день слідуючих зборів. На цих других зборах вибирається нову управу на біжучий рік. Нововибрана управа має при найближчій нагоді зійтися і разом з о. Асистентом уплянувати у загальному програму на цілий наступний рік: як часто будуть збори, яка буде програма кожних загальних зборів, що у тому році зробимо з ділянки релігійної, культурно-освітньої, чим можемо помогти місцевим парохіяльним чи народним потребам, що пропонувати для ухвали чи під дискусію на наступні збори. Добре переведені перші збори і до подробиць уложена програма дають запоруку, що організаційна праця піде вперед.

Без сумніву, що великою поміччю для місцевих відділів буде загальний начерк пляну, що його подасть Єпархіяльна Управа. У тому самому часі кожна Єпархіяльна Управа сходиться на свої перші осінні збори, а головна ціль тих зборів є уложить бодай у загальному програму для своїх відділів і до них відізватися. Буває часто, що Єпархіяльні Управі треба пригадати на їх обовязок. А коли треба, то цього нехай не бояться зробити голови чи секретарі місцевих відділів. А Єпархіяльні Управи, знаючи, що основа організації, це місцеві відділи та що без них нема організації, хіба на папері, доложать від себе усіх зусиль, щоб ними широ займитися, подати їм програму, вказівки та бути з ними у постійному контакті.

При укладі програми треба мати на увазі ділянку культурно-освітну. З численних додісей поміщених у Юнацтві та зі звітів ми довідуємося, що наші відділи посвячують багато уваги програмі релігійній: реколекції, спільні св. Причастя, поучення, торжества й інше. Також багато присвячується уваги забавової програмі: забави, танці, вечірки, бінга, базарі і т. д. Це добре й похвальне і це треба продовжувати, а головно поглибити релігійну ділянку. Та все не можна забувати про наші національні та освітні справи, як представлення, концерти, дискусійні кружки, виклади з історії України, вивчення історії, що її творили наші батьки у нашій канадійській землі то-що. А це дуже важне, бо нам треба конечно знати "хто ми і чиїх батьків ми діти".

Ніколи не забуваймо, що до успіху провадить тільки одна дорога, а це тяжка праця. То ж всі до праці! Приложіть усі ваші руки, а побачите, успіх оправдає і перевищить усі ваші сподівання!

**о. В. Шевчук ЧСВВ,
Всеканадійський асистент УКЮ.**

Little Warren was embarking upon his first venture in saving. He had deposited 14 cents in his piggy bank, but with the acquirement of each penny was finding the discipline of the task more and more arduous.

The youngster was sitting on the front step, peering expectantly down the street, when his mother was moved to inquire: "What are you looking for, Warren?"

"I'm looking for the popsicle man," he replied. And then, realizing the import of what he had said, quickly added: "I certainly hope he doesn't come down this street!"

* * *

We often see things not as they are, but as we are.

* * *

Barber (about to lather): "Do you mind shutting your mouth, sir?"

Tired Customer: "No—do you?"

Wise Advice to Young Ladies Looking for Happiness

"I stand at the crossroad,
Which way shall it be —
To a life filled with pleasure
Or of service to Thee?"

Dear Friend:

Undoubtedly, you often think and plan for your future and wonder where you can find happiness. This is natural and reasonable.

In life, as in a big city, there are many crossroads. Which road should you follow?

Marriage and worldly pleasures attract like a magnet. Should you follow this path? Before making the great decision of your life, take a good look around and see if there is not another path more certain to lead you to happiness. Certainly, beside the marriage path, there is still another road leading to happiness—the religious and missionary life.

The life of Missionary Sisters is very noble. It is a state where the chosen ones, as spouses of Christ, live with Him under the same roof; where these consecrated souls breathe the atmosphere of a true and full life; where bound by Christian charity, they share all in common and help each other to reach the summit of sanctity.

It is a holy state "in which a soul lives more purely, falls more rarely, rises more speedily, walks more cautiously, is bedewed more frequently, rests more securely, dies more confidently, is purged more quickly and rewarded more abundantly." — (St. Bernard.)

To this kind of life Jesus Himself has attached a very glorious promise, — "Everyone that has left house, or brethren, or sisters or father or mother.... for my name's sake, shall receive a hundredfold and shall possess Life Everlasting." (Matt. 19:29.)

It is wonderful to be a religious and at the same time Missionary of Charity. A Missionary Sister takes part in the beautiful work that our Divine Saviour Himself did, and helps Him to continue His mission of salvation of souls in our present times. Her vocation is to do good at all times and everywhere to guide souls through the perils of life to true happiness and save what otherwise might be lost. Her life is the nearest approach to the priestly life for her one and only aim is souls—the salvation of souls.

"Although a Missionary Sister cannot forgive sin, she can do something greater. She can prevent sin. She cannot absolve. She can fore-stall. It is her happy privilege to meet children, whose souls are still beautiful, charmingly beautiful, with the splendour of unsullied baptismal innocence. And it is her glorious vocation to take those little souls in hand, to teach them the value of the innocence which is still theirs, to fill them with a knowledge and love of Jesus and Mary and with God's grace to enable them to go to Heaven with the gifts of Baptism never lost." (A. S. Heeg, S. J.)

* * *

Yes, the life of a Missionary Sister of Christian Charity may be fittingly

summed up in the following beautiful lines of a poet:

"She shares in the hopes of those that sow, in the gladness of those that reap,
 She smiles for the joy that the joyful know and she weeps with those that weep,
 She prays for the living, she prays for the dead, she joins in the children's fun,
 And the grief-worn hearts have been comforted by the words of the gentle nun.
 The softness of woman, the strength of man, and the faith of a little child, Combined together in beauty, may be seen in her eyes so mild,
 And a queen might envy that peaceful smile of the radiant and deep content, That tells how duty and love the while, in her life and heart are blent.
 She walks in the path she chose in youth, with never a thought for earth, Bright in her holiness, grand in her truth, gay in her innocent mirth;
 In her Master's vineyard with willing hand she toils from the dawn to the grey,
 Oh, well for her when she shall stand at His right on the Judgment Day."

Yes, really it is a wonderful life, which makes a person truly free and holy. It is a sacred state of religious bondage which makes her equal to angels, pleasing to God, terrible to the devils and commendable to all the faithful. It is a service worthy to be embraced and always wished for, which leads to the Supreme Good, procures a joy that will never end. Think about it, ask more information, and if it appeals to you, make your decision to join the MISSIONARY SISTERS and so make your life a success.

Come to increase the band of Missionaries!

Come to give people the sweet token of Christ's mercy for men!

Come for there is a great harvest to reap in the field of our Heavenly Father!

Fear nothing and confide in Jesus — in Him Whose strength can do all things!

Think, pray, decide, and act! In all matters concerning your vocation, write:

Reverend Mother Superior,
 Missionary Sisters of Christian Charity,
 Box 180,
 Grimsby, Ont., Canada.

— 0 —

A theatrical agent telephoned an unemployed but well-known star at his lodgings and offered him \$1,000 a week to play the lead in a new production.

"Not on your life," replied the star. "I'll not look at it under \$2,000 a week."

"Come along to my office and let's talk it over," urged the agent.

"What!" replied the star. "And take a chance of being locked out of my room!"

—Tid-Bits.

* * *

Every country has the government it deserves.



The Ukrainian Catholic Mission at Yorkton, Sask.

The beginning of the apostolic ministry of the Redemptorists among the Ukrainian people in Canada dates back to 1903, when Reverend Fathers Achilles Delaere and E. Vrijdaegs, then stationed in Brandon, Manitoba, periodically visited Yorkton and the surrounding districts to provide for the spiritual wants of the Polish people. At that time the Ukrainians had only a few priests of their own Rite in this country and reluctantly attended the Latin services.

The first Redemptorist community, if it may be so called, was composed of Rev. Father A. Delaere

and Brother Cyril. They arrived to Yorkton on January 13, 1904, and purchased the house on 3rd Avenue, now known as St. Gerard's Rectory. In the month of May, 1904, Reverend Father Peter Girard was appointed Superior of the Yorkton community. Father E. Vrijdaegs and Brother Idesbald came with him. Their district then covered an area of nearly 100 miles, i. e. from the Manitoba boundary to Yorkton.

Realizing the necessity of a closer contact with Ukrainian people, and in order to save them for the Church from various dangerous intrigues of proselytizing Protestants, Father

Delaere with permission from Rome took over the Ukrainian Rite on August 21, 1906, and thenceforward devoted himself exclusively to that work. Afterwards, he was joined in his noble endeavor by other Belgian priests, who labored with him, in congruence with the principle purposes of the Redemptorists which is to work for the salvation of the most abandoned souls.

On August 2, 1913, the cornerstone of a new Ukrainian church was laid and work begun on the new Ukrainian monastery. On Christmas Day of the same year, Reverend Fathers Delaere, Decamps, Boels, and Tacheur, all of whom now belonged to the Ukrainian Rite, and Brothers Idesbald and Cyril moved into their new home which was dedicated to Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

The church, dedicated also to the same Patroness, is located in the north-west section of the city on the corner of Ontario Avenue and Catherine Street. It is built in the shape of a cross and inside there are four large arches with a large dome in the middle. Upon entering, one can immediately notice some artistic paintings on the walls. The painting on the dome deserves special mention, since it is said to be one of the finest of its kind in this continent.

This painting, entirely original, represents the coronation of Our Lady in heaven. The image stands out brightly and depicts God, the Father, as an Octogenarian blessing Our Lady. The Son of God is depicted holding a crown over Her head, and the Holy Ghost is portrayed in the shape of a flying dove. Surrounding the throne of God and Our Blessed Lady are 157 angels of

different sizes. Below the feet of Our Lady there is a sky blue streamer with yellow inscription bearing the words: "Hail Virgin, full of grace, Queen of heaven, holy, holy, holy, alleluia." Below the streamer there is an open book which reads: "Mary the Advocate, Protectress and Perpetual Help of Christians."

On the arches are paintings of the twelve prophets, and in each corner there is a large picture of one of the Evangelists. Around the walls are colorful and life-like paintings of Christ, of Our Lady and various saints. For the past few years a larger church has been badly felt in need of, so now an additional wing 100' x 32' is being built on the east side of the church to give more room for Sunday worshippers.

Daily Masses are heard at 6:30 and 7:00 a.m. and Benediction is held at 8:00 p.m. On Sunday Low Masses are said at 7:30 and 9:00 a.m. and a High Mass is celebrated at 10:30 a.m. There are evening services as well at 7:00 p.m. On the fifth Sunday of the month the High Mass is heard over the local radio station CJGX. On Feast Days there are also special services in the morning and evening. Annually there is a pilgrimage or Vidpust, as it is called here, on the feast of St. John the Baptist, commemorating his nativity.

The Ukrainian Catholic parish in Yorkton has several affiliated organizations which include the Ukrainian Catholic Brotherhood for men, and the Ukrainian Catholic Women's League which meet once a month. The Ukrainian Catholic Youth Club meets every week on

Tuesday evening. There is also the Altar Boys' Society for boys from eight to fourteen years, who assist the priest at Mass. The Apostleship of Prayer and the Arch-confraternity of Our Lady of Perpetual Help are two religious societies found also by this church.

A beautiful grotto representing Our Lady of Lourdes is found on the east side of the monastery garden. In front of the grotto there is a fountain with running water where usually the solemn blessing of the holy water takes place at Vespers. Whenever a procession is made through the garden this grotto looks very impressive with all decorative lights. The iron cross, standing just beside the church, also looks very attractive when lit up at night.

The Sacred Heart Academy and St. Joseph's College, located in the same section of the city, function in close conjunction with the church. Both are high schools for girls and boys, respectively, whose students come from the city as well as from many places outside the city. There is also a parish school with grades one to eight conducted by the Sisters of Mary Immaculate.

The story of the Ukrainian Catholic Mission would be incomplete, if no mention was made of the Redeemer's Voice Press. Since the Church, the Parish School, the Academy and College are educational centres where the minds and hearts of Ukrainian children and youth are brought up by the intense teaching of the Ukrainian Redemptorist Fathers, of the Sisters Servants of Mary Immaculate and of the Brothers of Christian Schools, the Redeemer's Voice has become an

important centre of the printed word, which sends out books, pamphlets and magazines to all parts of the world where the Ukrainian people are dispersed.

In 1956 the Ukrainian Redemptorists will observe their 50th anniversary of apostolic work among the Ukrainian people in Canada.

Mervin Hrechka.

SHOAL LAKE, MAN.

The regional U.C.Y. held its 3rd annual Festival on Sunday, Aug. 28, at Shoal Lake, Manitoba. Ann Gereulus was crowned queen. Iris Sulymka, Olga Klesewich, Merin Micalyshyn and Stell Kohuuch were the other contestants participating in this contest.

The event was opened with High Mass in the morning, followed by sessions in the afternoon. A grand concert was held in the evening followed by the presentation of prizes to the contestants. The guest speaker of the evening was Mrs. Dyma of Winnipeg, who spoke on the trip that she undertook last year to Europe; visiting the Holy Father. Master of ceremonies was the U.C.Y. president Wm. Stasuk, who was ably assisted by the spiritual director Fr. Romanyshen. All preparations were made by Irene Michalczyshyn and Michael Micalyshyn. A midnight frolic wound up the festival.

— W. Stasuk.

Downstairs: "Didn't you hear me pounding on the ceiling?"

Upstairs: "Oh, that's all right. We were making a lot of noise ourselves."

What Do You Think? . . .

Of Our New Life

By Myros Kmita

Without being fully aware of it, your everyday life is slowly changing into a life that will decide your destiny. You changed your childhood days, for high school adolescent. You left your home, your friends, your high school gang, for highly technical university. You left university and started to work. You left your happy-go-lucky single life, to join in a serious double life (married).

No matter in what category you may find yourself this September, ponder for a while, what do you think of your new life? How do you plan to approach it? What objectives have you set for yourself? How do you aim to reach them? What do you plan to put into it? What do you aim to get out of it? How far do you aim to go? Where do you plan to stop?

We have to take care of those questions now. In this fast moving, complicated world, we can no longer take life for granted. We can no longer let Mom and Dad look after those items. Today we are out of their bound. First we must go their way, and ask them to offer any help they can, outside the weekly allowance.

Communistic world snatches the youth from the parents at an early age to train them toward their goal, "world conquest by hatred." Through planned doctrine, they are met with greatest success. We do

not receive the same kind of indoctrination, we are not under any obligation to follow any principle. If they are brought to our attention, we scuffle at them as old stuff. If we have success and happiness in mind, this new life we are entering must be founded on sound planning and solid foundation. The foundation of our new life must be strong enough to withstand the corruption of the world.

"And how do you figure such a big swat for us in the world affairs? How do they affect our little lives, or how can we have any affects on it?

So you started high school. Hope it is nothing less than a Catholic college. You can't get a better start, than from a school that is based on sound principles. There has been lot of controversy pro and con. The gratifullness of a kid sister who wanted to follow her girl-friend to a non-Catholic high school is sufficient evidence of benefits, and insistence.

You have just got into your first bout with the world. There is no "saved by the bell," no cold water poured on the face, no quick rub-down for a second round. It's a fight to the finish, with no break in-between. You either win or lose. Depends on your training and education. There is no "draw."

Quickly you are changing into young men and women. Your main

topic and objective for tomorrow is, "boys and girls." Is that all that is important in this life of yours? Have more dates than anybody else, stay out longer than the others, and oh yes, brag about it.

Your new environment will affect the rest of your life. Or to hit the nail on the head, "until death do us part." We must place more weight on our shoulders than the parent and the educators plan for us. We must prepare for the world, instead of letting the world prepare for us. We can't let others beat our paths to success, we have to do it ourselves. Consider the boy or the girl who have to pay their own way through school, they have to budget, plan, arrange, study, work, save, etc. Yet statistics prove that they make the bigger part of our great world leaders. The field is still open. Leaders are in greater demand today than they were one hundred years ago. You are scrutinized as a good prospect. Just like a hockey scout looks at every ten year old that carries a stick as a N.H.L. great. You are going to high school to learn, prepare and acquire knowledge for four tough years in the university.

It is quite a party. You left your home, your friends, your town, for the university. Your life will consist of boarding houses, that's if you are not kicked out sooner.

Your boarding house should be selected with care. Your professors are not as stupid as they might look, especially if you are not in a Catholic University. With their cute cunning presentation of philosophy, they will have you believe that God, church and world morals are laughing matter. They will convince you

to such a degree that the rest of your life you will not be normal, unless you preach their philosophy. Weekly Mass and Holy Communion is the greatest weapon against them.

Freedom and wild parties. More outstanding young men and women have had their future marred by it than by any other single factor. The time is yours, there is no boss, guardian, or schedule. You do as you please, even into spending "old man's" money, if you have a drawing account. That time can be put to best or worst use, both in educational and social life. Your spiritual director will be of greatest assistance if you place your confidence in him.

Your first cheque: How sweet those words sound. There is a million things you plan to do with it. You'll buy all the clothes you always wanted, a car, date every nice girl in town and buy a powerful motor boat.

Wake up and stop dreaming. Your first job might not last you six months, either you quit or get fired. School was school, but work is a horse of another colour. Chances are you will not get the job you wanted. University is not a magic word any more. You need high school education to work in a grocery store. On your first job, you will have to be able to take responsibilities, and prove your ability to handle bigger jobs. You have to prove your trust, your judgment, your efficiency. You are in atomic age. In four years, it will be rocket age, or something else. You have to prove that you are as honest as an adding machine, as accurate as an encyclopaedia, as solid as the rock of

Gibraltar, and as soft as a kitten. That is what today's industry demands of a new employee. In other words, today you have to earn your pay, not just punch the clock and hang a diploma over your desk. And remember that it is just as easy to cash a cheque for three hundred dollars every two weeks, as a cheque for one hundred.

No law says that you have to get married. When you do, brother, you've had it. You can quit school, university, or your job, but you can't quit your married life. In school, at work, and at home, it is just as easy to live happy as unhappy. Yet thousands of young married couples prefer the latter. This new life is one of give and take, with perfect balance. When one partner is capable of giving forty per cent, the other has to make up the other sixty. Also, don't nag, or try to make your partner over, or criticize. Give honest appreciation, pay attentions to little things, be courteous, don't take your new life for granted. The everyday things are expected of each other, yet remember you are still each other's little sweethearts, and your new life will be plenty tough enough without making it tougher with insignificant little matters.

Your new life, it's all in a nutshell. Let me assure you that nutshell is mighty tough. What do you think, is it worth trying to crack it?

—

ДУХОВНЕ НЕДБАЛЬСТВО

Вже від давна поширилась по цілому світі пошестя, що наносить людським душам великі шкоди. Вона шкодить не тільки одиницям, а всім лю-

дям. Вона дуже заразлива і тяжко її позбутись.

Що це за пошестя? Ця пошестя називається духовне недбалство. Ознаки духовного недбалства виявляються напр., коли треба докладати зусилля до чогось і людина каже собі: "Шкода труду! Це мен' за тяжко! Яка користь прийде мені з того? Я змучений! Я лишу це на завтра або на пізніше!"

Один очевидний факт духовного недбалства проявляється серед сучасної молоді щодо української мови. Назагал майже вся наша молодь розуміє ще по українськи. Як мало по українськи говорити! Чому? Бо треба зусилля. Чому так мало зацікавлення в українській історії чи літературі? "Бо, кажуть неодні, нам того не треба в Канаді". Такі й подібні відповіді приходиться нам часто чути.

Другий ясний доказ духовного недбалства виявляється через занедбання релігійних обовязків. Нераз спітатись юнака: Чому ти не був вчора в церкві?

— "Я був змучений" або "Я заспав".

Загальна вимівка за занедбування релігійних практик, це: "Не маю часу".

Скажи мені, Дорогий Юначе, скільки треба тобі часу любити Бога й Йому служити? Скільки тобі забирає часу змовити уважно свої щоденні молитви рано й ввечорі? Скільки забирає тобі часу стриматись від гріха?

Сказати правду, тут не ходить про час, але про добру волю. Ось чого бракує багатьом. Духовне недбалство саме ділає на волю так, що вона шукає як найбільш приємностей без найменшого зусилля. Це саме, ха-

рактеризує сучасну молодь — як найменше зусилля, а як найбільше пріємності.

Очевидно така молодь далеко не зайде. Великих діл не можна виконати без зусилля. Без зусилля, чи

доброї волі навіть малі діла годі витривало виконувати. Тому сяк чи так треба стерегтись духовного недбальства, бо воно нам найбільше шкодить.

о. П. Малюга ЧНІ.

Of Raspberries and Things

Father Jules was making his retreat. The retreat was an annual event in his life. But eight days, he thought was too long. Perhaps five days or six would be just right, but eight seemed to leave him tired physically, mentally,—and he feared spiritually. But the rule said eight days, and Father Jules knew the rule was always right.

A retreat was meant to be physical and spiritual refreshment. The long hours of prayer were refreshingly interspersed with 'free' periods when one might walk, read, or meditate on the day's spiritual lessons, or even take a nap if he felt like it. The long rest period after lunch was particularly suitable for a nap, but if the day was bright and sunny, it was much more interesting to walk the long pathways and gardens that graced the retreat house.

The priest mused over the day's meditations. Being very human his mind soon went off on a tangent and travelled back to a letter he remembered reading in one of the clerical monthlies. It was a letter from a priest who complained that his yearly retreat was spent at a house which boasted a lone garden of cabbages. The priests making their retreat there had nothing more to remind them of the creativeness

of God than monotonous rows of cabbages. Father Jules remembered that the answer to the letter reminded the writer that even the lowly and imperfect cabbage glorified God in its own humble way, and that viewing cabbages was not the main idea of a retreat anyway. The saints could see the glory of God in a blade of a grass, a leaf, a twig, a hanging cloud, sense His presence in the murmuring of a brook.

Father Jules looked about him. He stood in a raspberry patch. He marvelled at the size of the berries and thought he was fortunate in having raspberries to look at rather than cabbages. He even ate a few, and was disappointed because they were not as sweet as they looked. He picked two and examined them closely. They were perfect specimens, round, hard, and firm, their cells clearly distinguishable were packed with juices. For a while he wondered about them. It was much more pleasant to see the work of God in a raspberry than a cabbage.

Though Father Jules had made retreats annually for many years, and though they tired him so, he was always fascinated by them. He often wondered how unfortunate it was that all the people of the world couldn't make a retreat at

least once in their lives. He was sorry his own brother had never made one. There was a science to retreats. Saint Ignatius Loyola who wrote the Spiritual Exercises was a master scientist. They were really a psychological scoop. And he wrote them centuries ago. Most retreats follow the pattern first suggested by Ignatius Loyola. They really haul a chap over the coals; they force one to examine every inch of his soul with microscopic thoroughness. It isn't a very happy process, and the searcher is often alarmed at what the powerful lenses reveal. After having hacked to the very core as it were, the system proceeds to illumine, and then to confirm one's promises of amendment.

Father Jules had just completed the first three days of his retreat—known as the Week of Purgation. After many years he knew the scheme of meditations very well. Each year they repeated themselves. One always knew what was coming; first the meditation on creatures, then sin, then hell, followed by the meditation on death, etc. Yet there was always something new. No matter who the retreat master was, one always came away with something new. Each meditation was like a jewel with many facets. One had looked at it and enjoyed its brilliance many a time, but each time it was a new facet that flashed and gleamed and caught the eye with a piercing fire. Father Jules knew he was a creature; he had that fact established in his mind years ago. But often a phrase of the retreat master, "a grain of sand against a mountainous eternity," or "God knew you and loved you aeons of ages before you were created," or "He

chose to create your soul instead of another which does not exist and may have loved Him better" stirred his soul to new depths. The fall of the angels who had committed the first sin was an old truth, but with a pognancy bearing upon revelation he heard the retreat master say that the angels who were cast into hell with the speed of a bolt of lightning had no time to be sorry for their sins. They had sinned, and immediately they were punished. How patient God is with our faults. The angels did not know the consequences of sin until they were cast into the pits of a newly prepared hell. How suddenly the justness of God can reveal itself. Yet how often we take advantage of the mercy of God, and trust that He will not punish us this once. Poor little spiders hanging by an invisible life-thread over a smouldering hell.

Father Jules looked at his watch. It was time to go. The next meditation would consider the Annunciation followed by the meditation on the Birth of Christ. The angel said, "I bring you glad tidings", and he went in with a cheerful heart.

Father Skwarok.

—o—
Dad, looking suspiciously at the dessert his daughter had whipped up: "What's this?"

Daughter: "It's cottage pudding. We learned how to make it at school today."

Dad: "Well, I think I got a piece of shingle in my mouth."

* * *

Fellows who complain about their boss being stupid would be out of a job if he were smarter.

Orvella Antoniak U.C.Y. Carnival Queen

Mr. Ambrose Holowach, M.P., East Edmonton, Crowns Miss Orvella Antoniak, Queen of U.C.Y. Carnival.

On Saturday, September 4, 1954, U.C.Y. of Western Canada held a Carnival at the National Hall, Edmonton, Alberta.

Candidates taking part included 33 girls from Alberta and British Columbia.

The candidates were honored with a banquet in their favor which was held at the Royal George Hotel, Edmonton. Also taking part at this banquet were the Carnival Committee that represented all three organisations: U.C.B., U.C.W.L. and U.C.Y. Guest speaker at the banquet was Very Rev. V. Shewchuk, Spiritual Director of U.C.Y. National Executive.

Mr. Jerry Pryma, U.C.Y. Provincial President, thanked all candidates for the fine job they did in helping put this Carnival to a success. Master of ceremonies was Mr. Frank Lukawetsky.

After the banquet everybody went to the National Hall to join the guests at the dance. Present at the dance and crowning were guests from many towns and cities throughout the province of Alberta, including some from B. C.

Mrs. Kay Petaske, Secretary of the Carnival Committee, received each contestant and presented them with a lovely corsage. All candidates were assembled at the back of the Hall and were later brought forward to the tune of a lovely march played by Ted Tyrkalo's

band. The procession, under the supervision of M. Bodnar, was arranged in the order as follows:

Leading were Miss Joanne Bodnar, carrying the Queen's bouquet of roses, and Mr. Donald Zarsky, carrying the Queen's crown. Candidates followed in order of twos.

The candidates were then arranged for a group picture, taken by Mr. Larry Ponich of Ponich Studios, Edmonton.

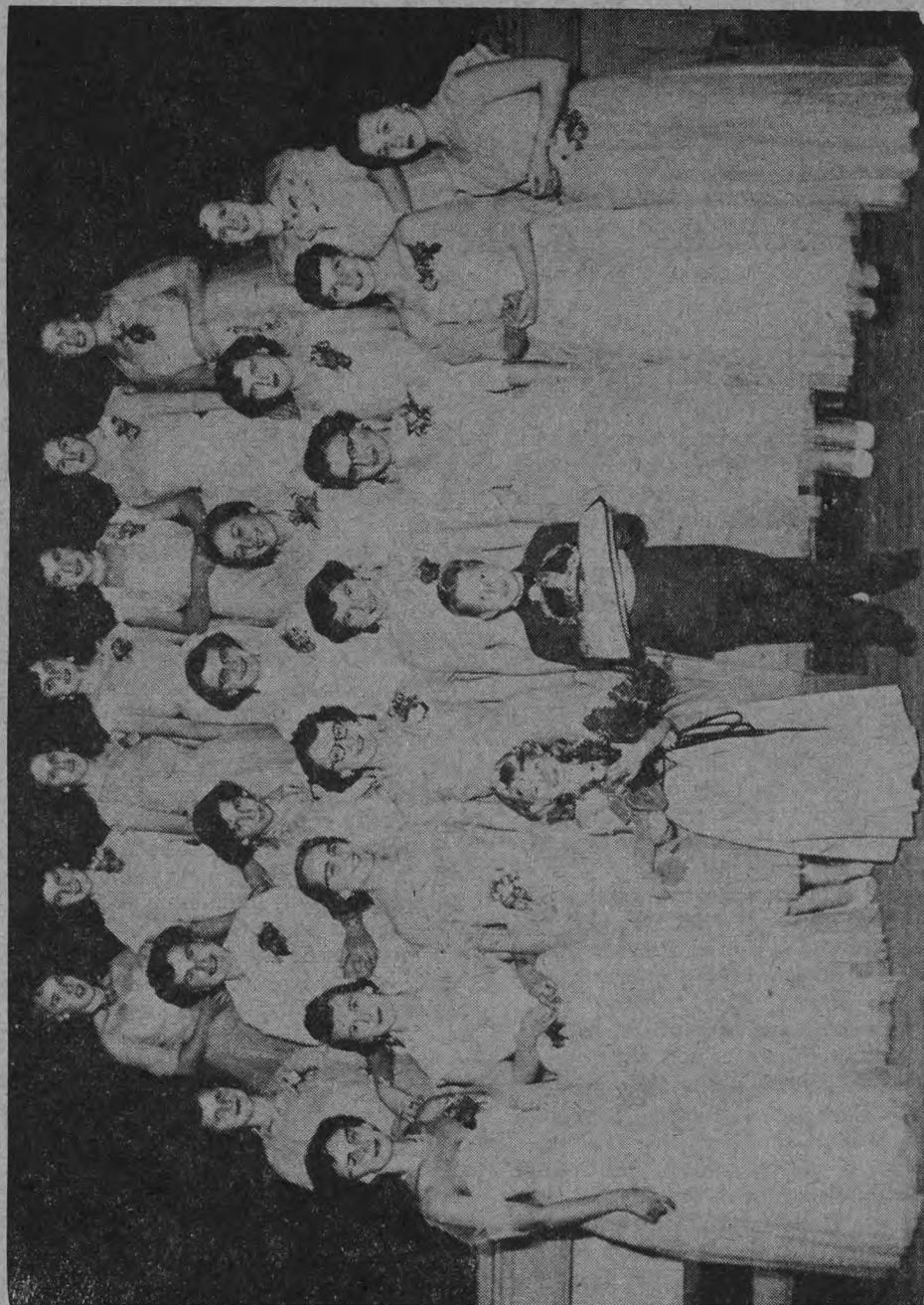
Each candidate received a small trophy as a souvenir. All trophies were personally engraved.

Mr. Ambrose Holowach congratulated each contestant and presented each with the special token. Then he crowned the Queen, Miss Orvella Antoniak of Kamloops, B. C.

Princesses were as follows: Theresa Sereda, Calmar, Alta.; Leona Hawryluk, Mundare, Alta.; and Catherine Shular, Edmonton, Alta.

The Queen was presented with a large bouquet of roses and the large U.C.Y. Annual trophy. Each princess was presented with a bouquet, too. Mr. Ambrose Holowach congratulated the Queen and princesses for their fine work and also spoke to all members of U.C.Y. to keep up their fine work and remember that we are Ukrainians and Catholics — Carry on where our pioneers left off.

We owe a lot of thanks to all the candidates for their fine efforts in making this Carnival such a tre-



U.C.Y. CONTESTANTS AND ATTENDANTS (See names, top of following page).

Contestants in picture on page 14, top row, left to right: June Koska, Anne Mastaller, Eugenie Kokotyn, Susie Hrabec, Elizabeth Roszko, Betty Horon, Catherine Shular; middle row: Jean Trach, Helen Bilo, Marjorie Malowany, Evelyn Kurylo, Theresa Sereda, Verna Letwyn, Mildred Jablonski; first row: Caroline Luciw, Elizabeth Chemerinski, Florence Koziak, Irene Kurylo, Elizabeth Onysyk, Leona Hawryluk, Orvella Antoniak, Olga Romaniuk; bottom row: Joanne Bodnar and Donald Zarsky.



CARNIVAL QUEEN AND HER ATTENDANTS

mendous success. Candidates taking part in the Carnival were as follows:

Orvella Antoniak, Kamloops, B.C.; Leona Hawryluk, Mundare, Alta.; Theresa Sereda, Calmar, Alta.; Catherine Shular, Edmonton, Alta.; Helen Bilo, Rossington (Athabasca), Alta.; Elizabeth Chemerinski, High Prairie, Alta.; Olga Cholak, Prosperity, Alta.; Betty Horon, New

Kiew, Alta.; Susie Hrabec, Holden, Alta.; Mildred Jablonski, Derwent, Alta.; Reta Kitt, Innisfree, Alta.; Mary Kochan, Vancouver, B.C.; Eugenie Kokotyn, Haight, Alta.; June Koska, Edmonton, Alta.; Florence Koziak, Skaro - Star, Alta.; Evelyn Kurylo, Edmonton, Alta.; Isabelle Lehun, Calgary, Alta.; Verna Letwin, Lamont, Alta.; Caroline Luciw,

Vernon, B.C.; Annette Ann Lytwyn, Lavoy, Alta.; Marjorie Malowany, Redwater, Alta.; Anne Mastaller, Carvel, Alta.; Elizabeth Onysyk, Derwent, Alta.; Helen Prusak, Elk Point, Alta.; Olga Romaniuk, Derwent, Alta.; Elizabeth Roszko, Rochfort Bridge, Alta.; Olga Rowse, Drumheller, Alta.; Doris Rzyzcki, Elk Point, Alta.; Olga Shostak, Bonnyville, Alta.; Elizabeth Strilchuk, Bawlf, Alta.; Jean Trach, Thorhild, Alta.; Joan Warawa, Vegreville.

Immediately after the crowning of the Queen, the draw for the prizes took place.

We also want to thank the Carnival Committee for the fine work that they did. Members of the Committee were: Martin Bodnar, Chairman; Mrs. Kay Petaske, Secretary; Orest Zarsky, Financial Treasurer; Marvin Prokop, Recording Treasurer; Jerry Pryma, Fifth Member; Genia Sawka, Executive Member; Joe Wolansky, Auditor.

RED ROSE, MAN.

To look at an ordinary map of Manitoba, one might not even find Red Rose on it.

But it is there just the same. Situated a hundred and thirty miles north of Winnipeg, in the Interlake region of Manitoba, Red Rose is, as everyone new who comes here will tell you, at the end of the line. Red Rose does not even have a town, it is just the name of the post-office in this district.

But like many of the out-of-the-way farming districts it is populated by Ukrainian people.

For it was always the Ukrainians that were given homesteads in the most remote and uncivilized wilderness of this country. In the summer of 1914 when the first Ukrainian settlers came to Red Rose all that was here to greet them were miles and miles of heavy bush and long stretches of swamp with their ever present hordes of mosquitoes.

Soon there came settlers of other nationalities, such as Scotch, English and German.

But today only the Ukrainians remain. For it was the Ukrainians that were stubborn and hardy enough to

remain. It was their strong faith in God that gave them the courage and strength to live through the hardships and heartaches, before their lives in this wilderness became anything more than an existence. But as the years have gone by the people of Red Rose have seen many changes.

Roads have been built where only wet swamp once existed. Fields of grain grow where once there was only heavy bush. Cattle graze on land where once only frogs croaked all summer long.

Yes, many changes have taken place through the years, but the most important one took place in 1952 when the Ukrainian Catholics of this district decided to take on the task of building a church. And in the month of July of that same year the first cement was poured for the foundation.

Today, two years later, we have accomplished what we set out to do. The faithful Catholics of this parish have donated many days of toil to make St. Michael's Church of Red Rose what it is today.

We, the people of Red Rose are proud of our little church, we hope

that it will bring us closer to God. For through the years that have gone by, when this district was without a church, and Mass was held only about once a year or less, many people have almost forgotten what it means to be a Catholic. Children have grown into manhood and womanhood without knowing the true meaning of the Sacraments. But we hope that St. Michael's will change all that.

We hope that as the years go by the Ukrainian Catholics of this district will make a bigger effort in striving for their own spiritual welfare.

And in this Marian year of 1954 we ask Mary the Queen of the Rosary, Mother and Protectress of the Ukrainian people, to watch over us and guide us on the true road of life.

Paul Kalyniuk.



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